Malasile and Wetsakhulya

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English

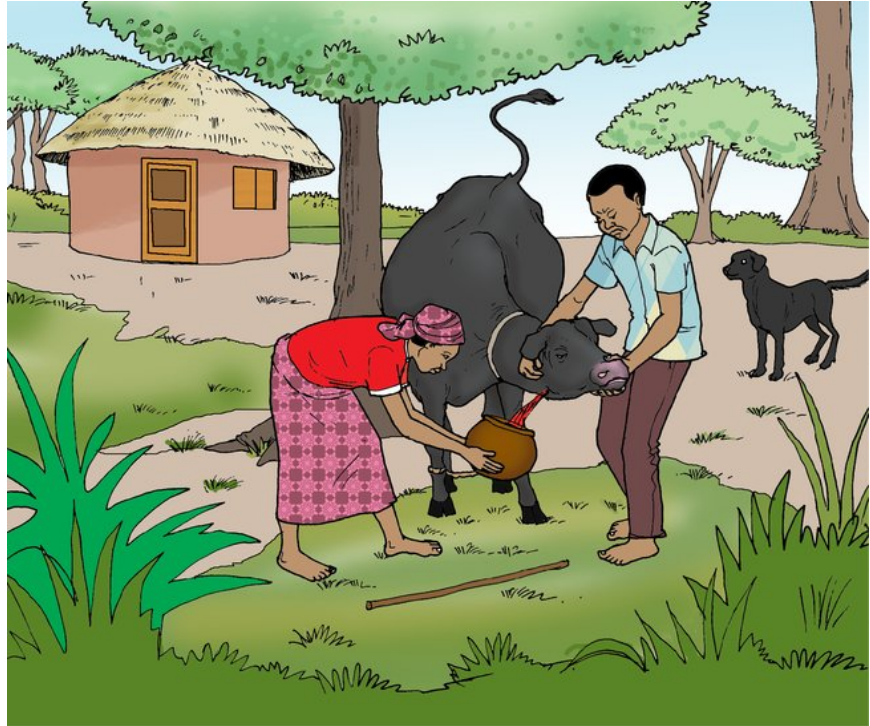There once lived a man called Malasile. He had a very good friend called Wetsakhulya.

These friends always shared whatever they had. Sometimes Malasile even forgot about his family.

Then one day Malasile wondered to himself, "If I ever fell sick, would my friend Wetsakhulya help me?"

Malasile thought of a plot to test the depth of their friendship. He bled blood from a cow and put it in a pot with a lid. He put the pot in his room.

Malasile stayed in his room for four days and four nights. There was a foul smell of rotting blood coming from the room. The bad smell spread through the whole house and compound.

Malasile asked his wife, "Tell the family and my friend Wetsakhulya that I have a terrible disease and will die soon."

When his family and friend were in his compound, Malasile removed the lid from the pot of rotting blood.

The smell from the room was sickening.

Soon enough Wetsakhulya began to walk away. With his hand on his nose, holding his breath, he cried, "I'm shocked! My friend is rotting away!" Wetsakhulya left the compound.

But the family forced the door of Malasile's room open. They wanted to know what type of disease was killing Malasile.

The family found Malasile sitting on his bed, grinning as he sucked his millet beer. He pointed to a huge pot of malwa that he had brought for them to enjoy.

"I appreciate your concern," said Malasile to his family. "I know now who I can rely on."

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